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UNIV. OF
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THE MEANING OF A UNIVERSITY

AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE ABERYSTWYTH

ON THE 20TH OF OCTOBER, 1911

BY

WALTER RALEIGH

Price One Shilling net

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AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
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THE MEANING OF A UNIVERSITY

Mr. Principal, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I am honoured by your invitation to address you at the opening of another session, and I trust that my choice of subject does not alarm you. I offered to speak to you on the Meaning of a University, but it is no part of my purpose to spend time on the definition of familiar terms, or to attempt to extract surprising lessons from the etymology of a word that is in daily use. My interest in the subject is of another kind. By the accidents of life I have had to do with many Universities in many places; in London, where they examine without misgiving or remorse; in India, where the University of London found a congenial soil for multiplying all its worst vices; at Oxford and Cambridge, where Time and old Custom and the delights of communal life have hallowed even the frailties of these ancient institutions, so that their very faults have something pleasant and respectable about them; in Scotland, where the Universities are truly national, and prepare the chosen youth of the nation for work in the learned professions; last, and not least significant, in the newer provincial Universities of England, Manchester and Liverpool, where the activities of a University have been recognized as essential to a full-grown municipal civilization. With all these I have had to do, and I should be very dull and incurious if I had never troubled myself to ask what purposes they have in common, and what is the meaning of a University.

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PRIFYSGOL CYMRU ABERYSTWYTH

I have not mentioned Wales, for I have never taught there. I have examined, but that perhaps demands an apology. It is the poorest and least fruitful work that falls to the lot of an academic teacher. By the irony of circumstance, it is also the best paid.

On your part, I think you must find that the question I have proposed is natural and relevant. Wales has been convinced that University education is necessary for her full national life and efficiency, and has borne her own part in that renaissance and multiplication of Universities which is one of the chief marks of our own time. The Colleges of Aberystwyth, Cardiff, and Bangor need no celebration from me. You enjoy one great advantage over the newer Universities of England. You make appeal not only to the love of learning but to patriotism, to all that is associated with the birth-tongue and the earliest and dearest memories. In Aberystwyth you have shown, as I think, a far-sighted wisdom in laying the foundations of a great library. Fashions change and knowledge grows, but a library full of ancient books can never be superseded. I have always remembered a saying of my friend Professor York Powell, who was at all times ready to help the newer Universities. 'If you have a library and a printing-press,' he once said, 'you have all that is necessary for a University.' He was thinking, no doubt, of the study of literature and the Arts; the Sciences are not so readily satisfied.

It is not by investigating the derivation of a word that you can arrive at a true and adequate conception of a living institution. The meaning of these great, vague, familiar words lies in a whole world of preconceptions

and mental associations. What was the name of that saint, and father of the Church, who, being asked the meaning of Time, replied, 'I know when you do not ask me'? All that we know best we know in that way. We cannot define familiar notions. But we can sometimes enrich and enlarge our conceptions by inquiring what a word means, or has meant, to others. Universities, though so many have come into being of late, are not new institutions in Europe. The University is one of the most valuable of the bequests that have come to us from the Middle Ages. When the Germanic tribes overran Western Europe and settled themselves in the seat of the old Roman Empire, they organized society upon a military pattern. No army can be governed by a majority of votes; and feudal society was not democratic. It was graded thoughout for service and command. The ownership of land was an accident of military service; it was enjoyed on condition that the holder should put men into the field for his master's wars. Such a society is picturesque in its aspect and effective in its mechanism; but for one thing it made no needful provision—the advancement of learning. Learning and the Arts, the inheritance of the free-born, all that gave amenity to the hard Roman civilization would have perished if it had found none to care for it but the knights and barons who imposed their rule on the peoples of the West. It was preserved by that great and wonderful organization which rose on the ruins of the Empire—the Christian Church. Christianity had not at first been favourable to learning, had viewed learning, indeed, with profound distrust. St. Paul was fearful lest the simplicity of his message should be over-

laid with human subtleties. He preached the Gospel 'not with the wisdom of words'. When he says that not many of the mighty and noble are called, he includes with them also the wise; and his words are echoed by St. Augustine, by the author of the *Imitation*, and by many later teachers. Yet a sure practical instinct led the Church to recognize how essential learning is to a religion which, in one of its aspects, is the religion of a book. Latin literature was preserved largely by the agency of the Church; the only schools in the dark ages were the schools attached to monasteries and bishops' seats. By a slow process, which I need not attempt to trace, these were strengthened and extended to embrace a wider range of subjects; until, about the twelfth and thirteen centuries, their ambitions took shape in the earliest of our great Universities.

The University, like the Church, was a democratic institution—that is to say, it opened useful and brilliant careers to those who were neither noble by birth, nor powerful, nor rich. In the midst of a society wholly aristocratic in structure it established a new order by conferring its rewards on those who sought knowledge, not power. The learned men trained at the Universities made a new republic in Europe. The Latin language was a universal medium of communication among the educated classes, and a scholar found himself at home in any of the famous cities that he visited. This singleness of learned Europe is well illustrated by the career of the only Englishman who was ever Pope—Nicholas Breakspear. His father was a poor man who took the religious habit and retired into a monastery, leaving Nicholas to shift for himself. The boy begged his way

on foot through France, studied at the schools there, and obtained a menial position in a monastery, where at length he rose to be Abbot. He was elected Pope in 1154, and, as Adrian IV, had a short and troubled reign. It was he who said that the Pope's tiara is splendid because it burns the head that wears it.

In the community of learning, more than in other communities, a career has always been open to the talents. Of all modern institutions the University approaches most nearly, both by its faults and by its virtues, to the ancient Athenian democracy, where skill in the liberal arts was encouraged and rewarded. Every one who has been a member of a University knows how strong is this democratic spirit, how little regard is paid to alien differences and distinctions. The place you hold in a University cannot be given you; you cannot bring it with you from outside; you must make it for yourself; and, even so, it is not of much value unless it carries with it the goodwill and consent of your fellows. They judge you more truly than your teachers, for they see you closer.

Wordsworth, in a well-known passage of *The Prelude* (if any passage of *The Prelude* can be said to be well known), speaks of the strong republican tinge that he took from his education at Cambridge. The doctrines of the French Revolution, he says, were not strange or startling to him; they merely proclaimed to the world at large the principles which he had already found active in the life of a University.

> Nor was it least
> Of many benefits, in later years
> Derived from academic institutes

> And rules, that they held something up to view
> Of a Republic, where all stood thus far
> Upon equal ground; that we were brothers all
> In honour, as in one community,
> Scholars and gentlemen; where, furthermore,
> Distinction open lay to all that came,
> And wealth and titles were in less esteem
> Than talents, worth, and prosperous industry.
> Add unto this, subservience from the first
> To presences of God's mysterious power
> Made manifest in Nature's sovereignty,
> And fellowship with venerable books
> To sanction the proud workings of the soul,
> And mountain liberty.

All these things you have here to-day; they are still, as they were in Wordsworth's time, the best introduction to human society.

When I speak of a University as the best modern type of a democracy, I do not mean by democracy that strict mechanical equality and similarity of units which some social thinkers seem to desire. A dead level of equality between man and man is not conceivable in live society. A great part of the business of a University is to cultivate differences and distinctions. If there is any place in the world where it is a stupid heresy to say that there shall be no distinction made between the skilled and the unskilled, that place is a University. It has its own aristocracy of talent. Judging by its own standards it does something, no doubt, to redress the inequalities of the world, and to provide an escape from the tyranny of the social order. Engaging in its own work, it opens its doors to all who come, so that it may get the best possible recruits for the carrying on of that work. Having got the best it can, it helps and en-

courages them, and exalts them above the rest. But the rest are not really neglected; they too get benefit from being brought into touch with the business of learning, from breathing the atmosphere of a place where knowledge is pursued sincerely and disinterestedly, for its own sake.

If I am to make a general statement on the question I have proposed, I should say that a University is an institution for guarding and increasing our inheritance of knowledge, and above all (because knowledge increases only by process of natural growth) for keeping knowledge alive. Life implies decay and renewal; a University must be perpetually alert to discard superseded methods and to detect the importance and significance of new studies and new ways of approach. It rehandles all fundamental conceptions, and revises them. It begins at the beginning, and builds from the foundation. It raises fresh crops by turning over the old soil. It is constantly vigilant on the frontiers of knowledge. It cares little for drilling men in masses, in barrack-yards; it encourages adventure, and gives to each a place in the extended line of pioneers, who are pushing forward the boundaries and claiming new provinces. It never sets itself to produce things equal to sample, but attempts rather to increase human power and human knowledge.

Do not imagine for a moment that I am casting any shadow of suspicion upon those older humane studies which for four centuries now have preoccupied and fascinated so many of the best and rarest minds. Methods of cultivation change, but they must be applied to the same old ground. We cannot jump off the earth, or

dispense with what has been preserved for us of the experience of the ages. The study of Greek can never be effete; indeed, few studies are so full of lessons for modern life. I will not argue the case; I am content to quote Sir Walter Scott's remark upon it. He tells, in his fragment of autobiography, how he was prevented by his sickly childhood from learning Greek at school. When he went to College he found himself unable to hold his own with boys who had been better schooled, and thus, from motives of pride (or so he says), he contracted an insuperable dislike for the study of Greek. 'I forgot the very letters,' he adds, 'of the Greek alphabet; a loss never to be repaired, considering what that language is, and who they were who employed it in their compositions.'

Yet nothing persists unchanged; knowledge is always being born and dying; it is a tree which pushes new branches while others wither and drop. We have to be on our guard against dead and petrified knowledge bequeathed to us by former generations. Astrology and alchemy were useful sciences in their day; their history is full of brilliant discoveries and inventions; but they are dead, and the best tribute that we can pay to the old astrologers and alchemists is to continue the progressive study of astronomy and chemistry. Or let me take an illustration from a more familiar science—the science of Grammar. We are all fed at school on some of these fossils. I do not know how grammar is taught to-day, but I remember that great play used to be made with the division of words into Parts of Speech. There was a noun (which is a name), a verb (which is a word), an adjective (which is added to a name), an adverb (which

is added to a word), a pronoun (which is used instead of a name), a preposition (which is put before other words), a conjunction (which is put between other words), an interjection (which is also put between other words, but with no adhesive quality in it). There is no harm, I suppose, in this venerable piece of grammatical learning; but it does not introduce you to the best modern thought on the problems of language, and as a scientific classification it is no better than the division of living creatures into animals, beasts, quadrupeds, chaperons, children, men-servants, and apparitions.

Though we should be jealous continually to revise our knowledge, to prune the dead branches and foster the living, we must not be misled into judging every branch of knowledge by its immediate utility. The standard of utility is a false and mischievous standard, invented by short-sighted greed, and certain, if it is accepted, to paralyse and kill the University that accepts it. It cultivates the branches for profit, and neglects the root. You cannot apply the test of utility to knowledge that is living and growing. The use of knowledge is often the application to practical ends of knowledge that has ceased to grow. It is the timber, not the growing tree, which serves for ships. Some of the conclusions of scientific study can be utilized, but who shall say which of them? How can we be free to ask questions of the world, if we are told that we must ask no question the answer to which is not certain to be immediately profitable to us? We ask the question because we do not know the answer. The answer, if we are so fortunate as to find it, may be disconcerting and strange. Then we must ask more questions.

I am glad to know that you include among your studies here some subjects commonly called technical; I notice especially agriculture, and domestic science in all its branches. These are not poor or narrow studies. Who can be deeply versed in the tillage of fields if he knows no botany, no chemistry, above all, no bacteriology, a science which promises to revolutionize agriculture and subdue it more completely to man's will? The management of a home, again, is perhaps the oldest science in the world; it demands all kinds of lore, and leads the way to an intelligent interest in some of the most curious problems of history. These problems have been neglected because historians, for the most part, have lived in Colleges, not in kitchens, and have served on juries, not in dairies, so that you may read a dozen volumes of ancient history and find no mention at all of what the Greeks ate, or what were their habits in washing. The truth is that there is no considerable kind of human activity, involving a wide range and diversity of material, which is not a fit subject for University study. The chief danger comes to technical schools when they are divorced from those wider and freer forms of intellectual inquiry which are the sacred charge of a University. Then they live as annuitants upon accumulated capital, applying old discoveries without criticism, without curiosity, and therefore without intelligence.

If you rule out certain investigations because no one at present can divine any possible utility for them, see the danger that you run. How would the great discoverers of old have fared? How could any one, from the behaviour of the loadstone, predict the mariner's

compass? How would Harvey have justified his study of the flow of the blood? Or that curious property of amber, which, when it is rubbed, attracts small particles to itself—this surely might seem to be an amusement for a vacant mind, a scientific toy. But the toys of yesterday are the engines of to-day; and the force in the amber drives trains, and links continents, and makes human speech audible at the distance of the earth's diameter.

There is another danger, a kind of lethargy which falls upon Universities in the day of their prosperity, when they have thousands of students and a full measure of public recognition and material success. Then they sometimes forget their earlier gospel, they lose their first sprightly impulse, and settle down to a programme, a time-table, an industry, a system. Mankind covets repose even in the act of hard labour; and a certain measure of repose is to be found in settled habits and uniform duties. There are ten martinets in the world for every one man of an inquiring mind: it is so simple to be a martinet, and so difficult to be a man of an inquiring mind. There are ten men who prefer to be told their duties for every one man who prefers to invent his duties for himself. Yet the world is moved only by those who invent their duties for themselves; and thought, the cardinal duty of a University, cannot be performed to order. Machinery and discipline, a constitution, and regulations—these things are necessary for any great institution; but they are the body of the institution, not its animating soul. If discipline be exalted at the expense of everything else, you get a spirit creditable perhaps to a brigade, but disastrous to the activities of the mind.

Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die,

is no motto for a University, and the University that adopts it may add the moral—

Into the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Some weeks ago I read in the newspapers a maxim that was quoted with approval by a high educational authority—I think it was the Minister of Education. 'It is no matter what you teach a boy,' he said, 'so long as it is something he does not want to learn.' That I call putting discipline first. I do not want to argue about an epigram; and it is easy to detect the element of truth in this epigram. If a boy, or a man, is unable to perform a task unless from beginning to end it is entirely pleasant to him, that boy, or that man, is fit for nothing. Nevertheless, I do think that in relation to a University this epigram expresses very precisely and very memorably the direct opposite of the truth. If, when some little pains have been taken to teach him, a pupil does not want to learn a subject, every teacher would admit that, so far as that pupil is concerned, the teaching is a failure. There is always an initial difficulty with a new subject. A fire is often difficult to light. But this is a difficulty which good teaching soon surmounts; and indeed, in my observation, a good teacher does not tell you anything until he has made you eager to know it. To say that the reluctance of the learner is a test of the fitness of the study seems to me a desperate counsel of pessimism. How far are we to go along this line of thought? Shall we say, 'It is no matter what you put

on your fire, so long as it is something that will not burn'? Shall we say, 'It is no matter what you know, so long as it is something that does not interest you in the least'? And what a maxim for high authority to present to teachers! How the bad teachers would revel in it! One can imagine it inscribed in letters of gold on the unlovely walls of Mr. Squeers's academy of Dotheboys Hall.

It is true that every University is bound to help the poor, and, within reasonable limits, even the backward, so as to get rid of the accidental disadvantages of the earlier training, and to give a man the full use of his powers. But that does not mean that a University is doing good if it helps those who have no special bent for learned pursuits to acquire, with heavy labour and much assistance, just so much as may enable them to pass muster. On the contrary, it is doing harm. It is making itself into a machine for multiplying inferior products, and for stamping them with an ancient and honourable hall-mark. Not every one has the taste or ability for every study. Time cannot be more perfectly wasted than in preparing an unmusical person for a musical degree. It is time wasted without end, for the pupils of this generation are the teachers of the next. Let no one call this attitude cruel, or quote to me the parable of the rich man who made a feast, and sent to the highways and hedges to seek out the maimed and the halt and the blind, to compel them to come in. If it had been not a feast, but a meeting for athletic sports, the compulsion would have been cruel. The business of a University is an athletic and exacting business. And, after all, with good teaching and a vast diversity

of studies, there are few indeed who cannot be accommodated with something which suits them, and gives them the great happiness of exercising their natural powers.

I am not forgetting the broader utilities of the Universities, or their daily work. A University, in its most obvious aspect, is a training-school for the learned professions and businesses. There, on wide and solid foundations, the knowledge necessary for some particular craft is displayed in relation to the whole body of knowledge. It is also a place of general education, where those who find their leisure tedious may quicken it and point it to some end. But all these utilities are dependent upon the work of those who seek nothing from knowledge but the pleasure of understanding.

We have now whole systems of National Education, of State Control, of Grants in Aid, of statistics and results. I am not complaining of the Grants: gifts are welcome if they come from generous and unassuming donors. But the central control of education always has been and always will be regarded with jealousy by a live University. Spontaneity and individuality are the springs of its life. Its bravest and most momentous deeds are deviations from the beaten track. I have read a good many blue books lately on the subject of education, and I feel moved to ask a question. Why are these books so appallingly dull to read? Why does the very name of Education oppress the mind with an overwhelming sense of dreariness and fatigue? Education is the opening of fresh eyes on the world; the exhilarating trial of new powers against the forces of the world. Why does nothing of this freshness and exhilaration

find its way into these books? I will not pretend that I cannot answer this question: I can. It is because the facts and figures which fill these books, though they tell much of the organization of learning, do not and cannot describe the real thing. If you wish to understand the motive power of religion, you will not get much satisfaction from a catalogue of the endowments of the various religious bodies, the hours of their services, and the numbers of their adherents. The spirit of the thing is not there. What the State can do for education is to furnish it with buildings and apparatus and salaries; it can fashion the body in the hope that the spirit may enter in. Just so the tribes of the South Seas make images to be their Gods, but they are careful to leave a hole in the image for the divinity to enter at. If I were in control of national education, I should be careful to leave a very large hole.

Because they are seeking what it is not easy to find, the Universities have always been jealous of control. They have often given harbourage to studies which for one reason or another were unpopular in the world without. They have been the homes of many great heretics. But for the support that he got from his University, Wiclif (to take a famous instance) would have been silenced and arrested with his work undone. Freedom to think, to criticize, to doubt, are essential to a University. It cannot be free if it is the appanage of any external power.

The spirit of learning is a good and humble thing, much better than the spirit of teaching. 'The vanity of teaching,' says a favourite author of mine, 'often tempteth a man to forget that he is a blockhead.' A University

consists not of pupils and teachers, but of junior and senior students; indeed, in the older Universities there was often very scant provision made for engaging the services of regular teachers. Any Master of Arts could set up his bills, and advertise his lectures, and teach those who were willing to attend. In our time we make fuller and more settled provision for teaching. But learning is still the real business, and the most that a teacher can do is to help with sympathy and advice those who are travelling the same way with him.

The evil effects of the tyranny of teaching are remarked by the first historian of the Royal Society, who describes the corruptions and errors which he observed in the ancient seats of learning. One of the chief of these, he says, is that 'Seats of Knowledge have been for the most part heretofore, not Laboratories, as they ought to be, but only Schools, where some have taught, and all the rest subscribed'. So things go from bad to worse.

'For those who take their opinions from others' rules are commonly stricter imposers upon their scholars than their own authors were upon them, or than the first inventors of things themselves are upon others. Whatever the cause of this be, whether the first men are made meek and gentle by their long search, while those that learn afterwards, only hastily catching things in small Systems, are soon satisfied, before they have broken their pride, and so become more imperious; or whether it arises from hence, that the same meanness of Soul which made them bound their thoughts by others' precepts, makes them also insolent to their inferiors... or whatever other cause may be alleged, the observation is certain, that the *successors* are usually more positive and tyrannical than the *beginners* of sects.'

That was written more than two hundred and forty years ago, but the evil which it describes has not grown old. Seats of Knowledge are still subject to the vanity of dogmatizing.

There has been a notable growth, I think, in our own time, of the social sense, the sense of mutual dependence and mutual responsibility. We begin to see that we owe everything we have, even our very selves, to the society that gave us birth. Call this quickened social consciousness what you like, you cannot make it anything but a good thing. We are more dependent on our fellows than we can easily imagine. One of the delights of a University is to be found in those close ties of mutual help and understanding which are so often knit there. Nevertheless, the best part of a student's work must always be done alone. Thought is a lonely business. Crowds cannot think; and those who love to warm themselves at the applause of others pass all too easily from thought to rhetoric. The life of a man of science, a man of letters, an artist, is essentially a life of much solitude. The very things which make social life pleasant and possible, the things which raise the standard of comfort and civilization, we owe to men who struggled long with their own thoughts in lonely contemplation. The great men of the great age of the Renaissance, the men who made modern Europe, were all lonely adventurers; from Drake on the high seas to Newton in his study. We seem to be passing into a period unlike the period of the Renaissance, a period when men's minds are chiefly directed to problems of social architecture and social betterment. It is a necessary task, but we shall be foolish if we forget that we

are dependent on the lonely men, whom we cannot command. It is so easy to use the resources of civilization, that we fall into the habit of regarding them as if they were ours by right. They are not ours by right; they come to us by free gift, from the thinkers. Take any hundred people and set them on an uninhabited island. Let them have all the material of civilization—iron-ore, and fuel, and the seeds of plants,—so that they may build up as good a society as they can. How many things would there be, things now of daily use, which would be lost to them for ever? How many years would it take them to recapture the lore of the steam-engine and the printing-press? They would be in a position to understand how completely in our daily life we are the beneficiaries of knowledge and skill not our own.

I remember once asking a good biologist whether any proof is possible that man is the most intelligent of the animals. He replied that comparison of individual with individual is impossible; we know too little of the mental processes of other creatures; but that, judged by the perfection of their social organization, the ants, not to mention the bees, are above us. They have a more thoroughly organized society. The individual is more completely subordinated to social welfare. Their small size is against them; if they were as large as cats, there would soon be none of us left. I do not know whether we can rest a claim to superiority upon some more honourable ground than mere size. But I suggest that it is at least possible that the ants and the bees do not ask questions; that they can show us no counterpart to the man at work on his own thoughts

in laboratory or study. And this power in man seems to be the chief guarantee for the welfare and progress of humanity.

I have spoken as if progress were a part of the law of life; and it is easy to think so while one contemplates the amazing developments of science, particularly of mechanical science. But literature and the arts, to which my own time is given, teach a humbler lesson. There the question is not by how much we can excel our fathers, but whether with toil and pains we may make ourselves worthy to be ranked with them. The rapid strides of scientific invention make us prone to think of the history of mankind as a triumphant story of continual advance. So we may think of it, if we like. But if man has in the main been successful in his business of understanding and mastering the world, nevertheless his story is a chequered story, and he has suffered many defeats and disasters. He is a fellow that hath had losses. In the beautiful art which models the human figure in stone or some other enduring material, who can hope to match the Greeks? In the art of building, who can look at the crowded confusion of any great modern city, with all its fussy and meaningless wealth of decoration, like a pastry-cook's nightmare, and not marvel at the simplicity, the gravity, the dignity and the fitness of the ancient classic buildings? How can the seasoned wisdom of life be better or more searchingly expressed than in the words of Virgil or Horace, not to speak of more ancient teachers? The fact is that the human body, so far as we know, has not been improved within the period recorded by history; nor has the human mind, so far as we can

judge, gained anything in strength or grace. The problem of learning, in the Arts at least, is the problem of how to make good our losses. Consider for a moment how enormous these are, and how unceasing. The toll exacted by Death is the heaviest tax in the world. A young man spends years of his life in preparing himself for active work, and dies before he has had the opportunity to put his ideas into practice. An older man, who has attained to mastery in some branch of craft or science, dies, and his place cannot be filled except at the expense of long time, and by the fortunate co-operation of many chances. The race for knowledge and progress is a race against the steady oncoming tide of destruction and oblivion. It is not a little achievement if we can move so fast that at least we lose no ground, and keep ahead of the pursuer. Every thirty years or so we have to replace all the knowledge and all the skill in the world. We have to provide that the infants and children of to-day shall know all the secrets and wield all the powers of the best and wisest men now living. Some of these secrets and some of these powers will certainly be lost, despite our efforts; so that we shall do well to be generous in our policy, and to aim at something more than a bare renewal. We must run hard if we wish to stay where we are. We must multiply knowledge and advance it if we wish to keep what we have. In the excitement of our own activity we seem, by a pleasing fallacy, to be advancing fast; but it is not so. We measure the speed of our own passage through the world, and we call it the progress of the world. We see the crests of the waves all riding forward one way, and we think that the sea is

moving. But the deep is very still; and man, who comes from it, returns to it again.

There is nothing in this doctrine to damp human confidence, or to depress human energy. Such a view of progress as I have tried to express does not flatter the vainglory of man, but it teaches him piety. We owe an enormous debt to those who went before us; we can pay it, or a part of it, only to those who come after us. We must pass on our inheritance; and if we really can make here and there, as no doubt we can, some additions and improvements, to compensate the irrecoverable depredations of time and mortality, we are happy indeed. Anyhow, here is work enough for a University, and motive enough to urge us on to the work. The lives that are yet to come are its reward. As one of your own poets has said—

> Thou, under stress of the strife
> Shalt hear, for sustainment supreme,
> The cry of the conscience of Life:
> *Keep the young generations in hail*
> *And bequeath them no tumbled house.*

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